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He had begun to inscribe the name, when I enquired to whom was it erected, he replied, wait, it will soon be finished; the feelings with which I watched him were most painful and intense, every letter he cut on the marble was stamped upon my heart and brain as with a brand of fire, and when the name was completed at last—I shrieked, and fell, and there was darkness and deep sorrow upon my soul: I was glad when I awoke.

I was in the gallery of the Louvre, gazing with awe and admiration on the noble portraits of the illustrious dead, one in particular had arrested my inmost soul, and every faculty was lost in the intensity of the fascination; the subject was “a girl alone on a mountain by moon-light,” and never did a lovelier form or face bless the burning fancy of the dreamy artist; she stood as stands a Seraph on his throne of pearl. A mantle of green and gold draped her beautiful form, and in her large dark eye was rapture mingled with deep adoration, while she looked—to the lone dark sky—and the shining moon, and the faintly twinkling stars—as if in them to read her destiny. Upon her wrist was bound a golden bracelet, clasped with a black medallion, on which were graven characters mystical and indistinct—and they glittered in the darkness. You admire the painting, said an aged monk, who stood near me—look on this one. It was the interior of a ruined chapel, and at what was once an altar knelt two figures, I instantly recognized “the girl of the mountain,” but the other figure I knew not, for a dark mantle overshadowed it, but a helmet with red plumes and a shield, and a sheathless brand, were laid upon the marble.

The monk pointed me out another.

The girl was alone again—and she was dying, she was clad in the garb of a novice of the order of Carmelites—and I knew by that face so fearfully pale, and the deep anguish written on her brow, that she was dying; a branch of withered cypress was wreathed round her temples, her right hand pointed to the ground, with her left she pressed an Agnus Dei to her heart, which was broken. She stood upon the same mountain, and there was the same quiet moon-light, sleeping on that lone hill side.

Suddenly she disappeared, the stars were extinguished, the moon was lost in blackness, a baneful solitary planet rose, glaring with murky rays, a consuming fire came forth from that blazing star, the picture gradually and perceptibly burnt away, in vain I strove to preserve it.

The beautiful vision had become ashes.

I was wandering through a black and narrow subterranean chamber, alone, and the echo of my footsteps on the rocky pavement was the only sound which broke upon the stillness of the vault, a muffled bell tolled the hour of midnight, and at a distance a voice replied to its tone—it is prepared. Suddenly I found myself in a large and lofty Gothic hall, in the centre of which a sumptuous banquet was made ready, golden cups reflected the brilliancy of the flaming lamps, there were couches of purple and crimson scattered through the apartment, brands and helmets suspended from the walls, but the guests had not yet come; a large sable banner waved slowly from the roof, and scattered a dark shadow on the board, but the

covering of the table was a pall, and the contrast of the black with the gold and silver, made a mournful gaiety; it reminded me of what I had seen once, in a distant land, many years before; my soul was now oppressed with anxiety and restlessness, and my spirits were numbed, but not with fear. I took down from the wall a massive blade and unsheathed it, I put a plumeless helmet on my head, and advanced to a large mirror to look upon my arms,—“they befit you well,” said the same voice, I turned and saw a figure looking earnestly and sorrowfully upon me, and I stretched out my hand to salute him, for I had known him well formerly, in life; “you are welcome, let us drink,” he pointed to the table and sat down, and commanded me to partake in the revel. I did so, a long and silent procession entered, in waving robes of whiteness, they made their obeisances to me, and sat at the board, the whole assemblage was wan and ghastly, the chill of cold mortality was in the hall, and on the brows of all was marked the silent impress of the grave—I felt calm, but it was the calmness of despair. I thought I was buried alive.

A pale and beautiful girl, whom I had loved in life, entered, and sat upon the throne under the black banner; she looked more beautiful than ever, her black eyes still flashed with brightness, but the hectic flush of consumption was not on her brow, it had faded into the paleness of death, she looked upon me, she had never loved me, she held a lyre and tuned it, and sang; I remembered well her voice—I remember still her words:

My lover is come but my heart is cold,
The damps of the grave have chilled it,
I never can sing as I sang of old,
Ere the silence of death had stilled it.
My true love is come to our silent hall,
Where parting of change come never,
Our bed is the grave, and our curtain the pall,
And our bridal-night lasts—for ever!

I shall never forget that thrill of the soul, that agony of delight, which the broken heart can only feel—in dreams.

THE VALLEY OF LA ROCHE.

(Concluded from our last.)

A letter at length arrived from Frederic, mentioning his intention of returning immediately, as the effects of the climate, and a slight wound, had incapacitated him for the present from further duty. Much joy, mingled as it ever is with a share of affliction, followed the receipt of this letter; arrangements were made at the chateau for the reception of the young soldier; his favourite room that overlooked the little grove, where he had first breathed his vows to Lucy, was fitted up in the most comfortable style, and her portrait, which she had been enabled to get executed in his absence, hung at the head of his bed; a little library of all his favourite authors had been fitted up there since his departure, and all those little comforts that fond woman alone can devise, were lavished unsparingly throughout the apartment. The fond Lucy spent all her days in arranging every thing in the manner which she thought would please him most, the sweetest flowers were taught to blossom and exhale their perfume on the little balcony before his window, and in short, every thing betrayed the hand of love; it was a beautiful summer's evening, when the little party seating themselves at an open window gazed with admiration on the

prospect that lay before them, as the rays of the setting sun slumbered in the golden meads that on every side refreshed and delighted the eye; here and there the waters of some solitary mountain stream glittered in the distance, appearing, as it reflected the crimson rays of the departing luminary, like a glorious stream of light, streaking the steep mountain side—now lost, as some bold cliff intercepted the view, and again emerging in undiminished lustre and beauty; the cloudless skies hung like an azure canopy on high, gradually darkening in their hues towards the east: as they sat silently and pensively admiring the tranquillity and peace of the prospect before them, associating with the present enjoyment, the anticipation of Fred.'s return, the distant roll of wheels startled them from the delicious reveries which such a scene is calculated to induce, and immediately after they saw a carriage slowly turning the little angle of the grove at some distance. The feelings of mother, sister, and lover, that rose convulsively in the bosom of each, choked the wild cry of delight they were about to utter, and they awaited its coming in all the silent agony of expectation; when it at last drew up at the door, and the young soldier feebly and tottering alighted, an agonized shriek burst from his startled mother, as she folded the child of her bosom in her arms. Alas, how changed since she had imprinted the fond farewell kiss of affection on his lip! nought but the eye of affection could have recognized the gay and healthful Frederic, in the languid and feeble invalid that now tottered before them, and as the rays of the setting sun trembled on his pallid brow, a melancholy foreboding that he would not long outlive their departure, went chillingly to the hearts of all who saw him. Instead of the florid cheek, and sparkling eye, the dull hues of death sat brooding in ghastly paleness on the one, and debility and disease had decreased the lustre of the other. Smilingly, and with an affected gaiety which contrasted gloomily with the sad and touching expression of his whole countenance, he turned to Lucy, who had leaned for support against the window frame, in mute and tearless agony, and said, as he took her hand and pressed it to his lips, “what Lucy, have you forgot me?” When at length, finding relief in a flood of tears, she flung herself into his arms, and hung sobbing on his breast. Although disease had been making fierce ravages on the young hero's frame, still the manly charms which had graced him in the days of youthful vigour, were but mellowed down to a softer and more interesting character of feature; the handsome Frederic, was still handsome, but his was now an unearthly beauty, which called forth the sigh of pity rather than attracted the gaze of admiration. After this unexpectedly melancholy meeting, and when the whole party had become somewhat more tranquilized, they returned to the drawing-room, and talked over the incidents that had befallen since his departure; seated between his mother and Lucy, Frederic sent up a silent prayer of thanksgiving, that he had been spared to look again upon those objects of his warmest and earliest affection, and as this glow of pious ecstasy blushed on his pale cheek, the delighted Lucy fondly pictured to herself the perfect restoration of her darling to health and strength; so delusively will hope whisper its consolation in our ear even to the last. As he gazed upon the unaltered charms, and still stately

row of his own Lucy, a deep involuntary sigh escaped him when he thought of what he had been, and then was, and mourned over his ruined constitution and altered feelings, such a sigh, and at such a time, needed no interpreter, and the whole party echoed it silently in their bosoms; a gloom stole imperceptibly over the little circle, and the silence remained for some time unbroken, excepting by the distressing cough and involuntary sigh of the young sufferer; it appeared that a slight sabre wound which had reached the lung, had induced symptoms of a decline which was wearing him down—this disclosure was made as gently as was possible, and he ended by assuring them that his physicians had given him the greatest hopes of a perfect recovery, under the influence of country air, together with gentle and enlivening exercise, “and I have no doubt,” he added, “but that my own happy valley, with the society of those I love, will do all that I can desire.” Thus passed the first night of Frederic’s return, in affectionate solicitudes on the one hand, and assurances of convalescence on the other, so that when already fatigued by the exertion of travelling, and the excitement of meeting with his friends, he retired to his apartment, and felt himself surrounded by the thousand nameless comforts which affluence could not purchase nor power command, his heart melted in a transport of gratitude and affection, and tears that neither sorrow nor sufferings could extract, trembled in his eyelids, and trickled down his hollow cheeks; he had long felt the chill hand of death press heavily on his heart, but when his eye caught Lucy’s portrait smiling upon him with the same ineffable sweetness and artless witchery, that had first made him the slave of woman’s charms, and seeming as if it begged of him to live for her sake, he felt for the first time, how terrible a thing it is to die; comparatively happy, however, in the certainty of lingering out the few hours that yet remained for him in the arms of affection, he lay down to dream of happiness and Lucy. The next morning, awaking from a more refreshing slumber, the recollection of the rude scenes that he had left, mingling in contrast with the tranquillity and peace that reigned around, induced a corresponding calmness and tranquillity of mind, which took for a moment from the sorrowful sameness which had of late characterized his feelings; having dressed, he cheerfully gazed from his window on the little grove whose leaves fluttered gladly in the morning breeze. But the balmy freshness that it breathed upon his hectic brow, did not as it formerly wont—inspire him with feelings of unmixed contentment and delight; though it whispered to his soul the solemn truth of man’s mortality, as he called to mind the saying of the old poet: “The fall of man is as the leaves of the forest, which the autumn scatters, and the smiling spring renews.” Pass but a few short years, and who would hear of Frederic? Even the lips of affection would murmur his name with scarce a sigh, or thoughtlessly repeat “alas poor Frederic” over his grave. The skies would spread abroad their blue expanse in as cloudless beauty, and the woods would breathe forth as wild delight—after he had mouldered silently again to dust.

When he joined his family at breakfast, a faint blush fluttered on his cheek, and altogether he appeared so animated, and entered into conversation with so much vivacity and spirit, that the fond inmates of the chateau hoped

soon to see him perfectly restored, and imputed the extreme languor and debility of the preceding evening, to the combined effects of travelling and want of rest. Week after week passed away, and found him gradually and almost imperceptibly sinking beneath the silent ravages of disease—every thing that could be resorted to, either for the purpose of diverting the mind, or restoring bodily health, was put in practice by his affectionate tenders—in the cool twilight of evening, taking an arm of each, he would ramble with his mother and Lucy—amid the favourite haunts of his childhood, or seated in little arbours which his own hands had formed in its happy and thoughtless hours, would listen while Lucy read him some pretty tale from a favourite author; one evening as they sat thus employed, Frederic, with a hand of each affectionately and firmly clasped in his, and his head supported on the affectionate Lucy’s shoulder, appeared to be gazing intently on the various hues with which the golden rays of the setting sun had tinted the western skies, the calm landscape lay in smiling beauty before them, and a winding stream ran gently murmuring at their feet, while the shadowing branches of an old elm-tree hung drooping over their heads, its large leaves scarcely ruffled by the calm zephyr that whispered through them. The recital of Sterne’s affecting story of Le Fevre alone broke upon the universal stillness that reigned around, when presently the voice of the reader faltered, and a loud and agonized shriek startled the distant echoes of the grove, as Lucy caught in her arms the lifeless body of Frederic Ashmore.

W. S. L.

May, 1830.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL IRISH INSTITUTION.

We resume our notice of the exhibition of the works of the old masters, now open. There are no less than three landscapes by Gaspar Poussin, differing from each other very much in their general characteristics, but all of them impressed with the stamp of a great and poetical mind. No. 62, Landscape and figures; this is the picture that was formerly in the collection of the Earl of Farnham, from which it passed to the cabinet of Major Sirr; it is we think in the artist’s first manner, the composition grand and solemn, though perhaps a little pedantic; the colouring quiet and harmonious; the execution careful but somewhat dry. No. 10, A Land storm; is painted with more freedom and vigour. In subjects of this kind the pencil of Gaspar was never surpassed, and this picture is not unworthy of his powers. Yet we should probably prefer to either of these pictures the landscape and figures, No. 71, belonging to Dr. Cheyne. The subject is exceedingly romantic—the grounds admirably broken and diversified—the light and shade broad and judiciously distributed, and the colour again ‘quiet and harmonious,’ deep but not heavy. The figures are equal in their way to the landscape, and are probably the work of Bamboccio. The subject is, the murder of a peasant by banditti, who after plundering the dead body, are carrying away his wife. Nothing can be more admirably dramatic than the figure of the unfortunate woman, who regardless of her own fate looks back with the most poignant anguish on the mangled corpse of her husband.

The picture is in every respect beautiful and interesting.

While we are speaking of landscapes, we are forcibly reminded of another charming, though very different production of this class; we allude to the small picture (No. 28) by Wyzants. What can be more simple than its composition? a broken bank by a road side, with a small pool of water, and a little distant offskip, are the whole materials of which it is composed; yet such is its clearness of colour, its felicity of execution, and above all, its truth of effect, that we think we can never tire of admiring it, or too highly appreciate its beauty.

No. 54. Landscape and cattle, Albert Cuyp. This is a magnificent specimen of that great master; full of simplicity and truth, admirable in effect, and painted with extraordinary care, without being dry or laboured. We have heard it indeed criticised for want of vigour in the pencil, as well as for monotony in the colouring, and we are aware that there are many works of the master to which these censures could less fairly be applied; but for our parts, we are nevertheless inclined to think such remarks somewhat hypercritical, and in looking at so noble work of its kind, feel ourselves too much absorbed in the contemplation of its positive beauties, to be able to discover doubtful imperfections. It is a faithful transcript of nature, free from all sorts of affectations, and will be admired in proportion as our own taste is natural and unsophisticated.

MUSIC.

We were amongst the privileged visitors at the annual private concert of the Philharmonic society on Wednesday evening, and it presented a large assemblage of beauty and fashion, including most of the distinguished patrons of music in this city. The orchestra, which was numerous and effective, was led by Mr. J. Barton with his usual ability, aided by many eminent professors, as well as the amateur performers. The concert commenced with a symphony in G minor, by Mozart, of which we heard but the conclusion, not having arrived sufficiently early; it was followed by a vocal quartette, “Where the Bee sucks,” the composition of a member of the society, which reflects infinite credit upon his taste and judgment: it lost none of its beauty in the hands of Messrs. Hermann, John Barton, Popp, and Murphy, by whom it was delightfully executed; the concluding movement exhibited a playfulness of style, in which the Scherzando was rendered conspicuous and extremely pleasing. A double instrumental quartette of Spohr’s followed, which though presenting many scientific excellencies, we did not think so well adapted to the ‘general ear.’ Sir John Stevenson’s inspiring glee, “Give me the Harp,” was next given with full chorus and orchestral accompaniments, and produced an effect which we seldom see displayed in this city. Weber’s overture to Oberon, was chosen to conclude the first part of the concert, which though not ranking quite so favourably in our judgment as that by the same composer in the Freischütz, is still a sublime composition; and as a novelty, as well as from the creditable style in which it was performed, proved highly attractive. The second part commenced with Rossini’s overture to *Guillaume Tell*, which, though we have heard it performed very frequently of late, yet on this occasion ap-